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Allegiances

Allegiances

LakeClan

Leader: Icestar black and gray tom with amber eyes
Deputy: Thorntail tabby tom with a sharp edged tail
Medicine Cat: Tinypaw black tom with a white paw

Warriors:
Piperclaw black she-cat with bright blue eyes
Ratstrike brown tom with a rat bite on his face when he was a kit
Leafcloud brown and white she-cat with green eyes
Oaknose small light brown tom with amber eyes
Firepool ginger tabby she-cat
Fleckpelt gray tom with black flecks
Sootdust gray she-cat with small stripes of brown on her pelt
Riverdapple light gray she-cat with patches of dark gray
Swiftstep skinny pale tabby she-cat
Flameheart small dark brown she-cat
Redleaf tabby she-cat with green eyes
Elders:
Magpie large ginger tom formally a loner

FireClan

Leader: Bearstar dark brown tom

Deputy: Stickfoot black tom with dark brown paws
apprentice, Willowpaw light gray tabby she-cat with blue eyes

Medicine Cat: Ravenwing black tom with green eyes

Warriors:
Flightwing white she-cat with gray splotches
apprentice, Longpaw thick furred pale tom
Sedgestripe brown she-cat with dark brown stripes

Tigerstripe thick pelted dark brown tabby tom
Crookedtooth light gray tabby she-cat with white paws and white underbelly.
Windpelt thin tortoiseshell tom
Cheetahspot golden she-cat with small black spots
apprentice, Echopaw dark ginger tabby she-cat
Jaggedrock silver tom with amber eyes
Spikeclaw tabby tom with spiky fur and long claws
Sneezenose white and light gray tom with green eyes
Featherstorm white she-cat with a black paw
Darksky dark gray tabby she-cat with yellow eyes formally a rouge

Queens:
Shystep black she-cat with green eyes

Elders:
Night black tom formally a rouge

A/N

Hi guys! This is all for the allegiances becuz I want to start da book! BYE

Prologue

Nightsky slashed at a skinny black tom. He fell to the ground. "Why have you failed me!" Nightsky demanded.

"The cat, Thorntail had stopped me." He said.

"Send out troops to scout for Thorntail, then turn him into crowfood!" ordered Nightsky, as he clawed at the skinny tom.

"Yessir!" he said.

Nightsky smiled. "My plan will work. I will kill everyone. Crookedtooth will die!"

Suddenly a cat appeared in front of Nightsky. "W-who are you!" he growled.

"I'm Twistedjaw. And i'm here to stop you." he said.

"Foolish cat! You will die!" Nightsky lunged at Twistedjaw.

Twistedjaw easily avoided the attack, and slashed at Nightsky's ears. Nightsky raked his claws across Twistedjaw's cheek then aimed for the throat.

Twistedjaw tried to dodge. It was too late. Nightsky already ripped his throat open. "Yes, die! You will be among the dead cats!"

Chapter 1

Crookedtooth dashed into the unfinished camp. "Jaggedrock," she mewed.
Jaggedrock whipped his head around. "Oh good! You brought some more dried grass for the apprentice den!"
Crookedtooth lay the grass on the ground, then began to lick her paw.
"Darksky, who is this, Nightsky that you mentioned?" she asked.
Darksky heaved a sigh. "Well, he is my son." she said.
Night appeared from the elders' den. "He was a tough young' un. He was strongest of em all of us. Nightsky was fierce, selfish and stubborn. He killed his sister, Sunkit."

Crookedtooth gasped. "Sunkit was the bright one, nice and helpful. Nightkit was mean. He took her out. Sunkit never woke up."

Night stretched and yawned. "I better have a nap." he said, retreating into the den.

Echopaw grabbed some moss and lined the nests with it. "Longpaw get some rocks, we can use them to block the nursery if Nightsky attacks."

Longpaw rushed out of camp. Tigerstripe pricked his ears. "Wait!" he yowled. "You need a warrior with you!"
Tigerstripe followed Longpaw. Willowpaw went into the nursery. "Shystep, how are you doing?" she asked.

Shystep was licking her belly where the kits were. "I'm having cramps. Those kits are coming soon."
Sedgestripe was comforting Shystep. "The kits will be fine. Ravenwing will come if the kits are coming. I'm here with you too."

Sedgestripe loves kits. She always have. "Crookedtooth!" she mewed.

Crookedtooth turned around. "Willowpaw! What do you want?"

"I heard you are going to have kits with, Jaggedrock!"

Crookedtooth nodded. "I will soon. I'm not going to the nursery yet."

Willowpaw giggled. Then Crookedtooth's eyes became a glare. "I must do something."

Crookedtooth sprinted out of camp. *I have to fight Jayfoot, to the death.*

Crookedtooth padded into where Jayfoot had said. Suddenly, two small cats hopped out of a tree. They were kittypets.

"Get out of here!" she growled.

The two kittypets didn't budge. A small tortoiseshell stepped forward. "I'm Kelly. This is my brother Kobe."

Kobe bared his teeth at Crookedtooth. "Kelly, lets get rid of this cat." he growled. He ruffled his golden tabby pelt and glared his amber eyes.

Without warning, Kobe leaped for an attack. Crookedtooth dodged and slashed his side.

Kobe's amber eyes gleamed. "I will kill you!"

He leaped again, and landed on Crookedtooth's back. Crookedtooth hauled the small tom off and pinned him.

Crookedtooth was close to biting down on his throat, but stopped and let Kobe break free. "Next time you fight me, you will be dead."

Kobe snarled. Crookedtooth fixed her gaze on Kelly's. "Have you seen a skinny black tom around here?"

Kelly nodded. "He came over then said, he will not fight today then told us to kill you for him. I wouldn't kill, but my stupid furball brother decided to try. He always says he is the strongest."

Crookedtooth hissed. "Don't try to kill me. I know you don't stand a

chance."

Kobe and Kelly padded away. Crookedtooth snorted and started to dart back to camp.

Chapter 2

It was dawn and Crookedtooth heard a loud screech. She jumped and her eyes were wide open.
Ravenwing was dashing into the nursery, with Echopaw yowling. Crookedtooth padded to the nursery. "Whats going on?" she asked. Sedgestripe poked her head out from the den. "The kits are coming!" she said.

Flightwing had a mouse in her jaws. "Does she need fresh-kill?" she asked. Ravenwing shoved Echopaw out of the way. The apprentice fell to the ground.

Longpaw was pacing around in tight circles. "When will they come!" his tone had an impatient growl. Spikeclaw put his tail on the young apprentice's shoulder. "Calm down." he mewed.

Crookedtooth saw Ravenwing break from the crowd. "Shystep is fine! She has four healthy kits!"

Crookedtooth rushed into the nursery. Darksky was beside Shystep, licking a white tom. The four kits were so cute.

"They are adorable!" mewed Sedgestripe. "I already have names for them!"

"What are they?" asked Sedgestripe anxiously.

Shystep put her nose into black tom's fur. "Smokekit." Then a pale tom with black stripes. "Bumblekit." Then a white tom, "Cloudkit."

Shystep purred and put her nose on a dark gray and white she-kit, "Ripplekit."

Crookedtooth licked Bumblekit. Bumblekit purred. Crookedtooth smiled. Ripplekit opened her small pink mouth then wailed.

Shystep comforted the kit. *Who knew Shystep would be a great mother!*

Crookedtooth sighed and knew her kits were gonna come in a long time.

***

(It had been a few moons....)

Ripplekit pounced and caught a butterfly in her mouth. "I got it!" she mewed.
Bumblekit tumbled and knocked into her. "Hey!" Ripplekit cried. Bumblekit had Smokekit behind him.

Smokekit chuckled. Shystep licked the tom. "Smokekit, its not nice to push your brother."

Smokekit rolled his eyes and trotted to Cloudkit. One of Cloudkit's eyes were all white. Ravenwing comfirmed that he was half-blind. Cloudkit blinked and saw Smokekit.

Cloudkit leaped and pinned Smokekit. "Smokekit! I got you!"

"Bumblekit!" he called. The pale tom with black stripes tackled Cloudkit off of Smokekit. Ripplekit hit him on the ear. Smokekit lashed out on Ripplekit.

He unsheathed his claws and dug them deep into the she-kit's dark gray and white fur. "You deserve to die!" he growled, digging them deeper.

Ripplekit let out a long, loud wail. Shystep ran to the kits and pulled Smokekit away from Ripplekit.

"Smokekit! Don't hurt your sister. Go and replace the moss in Night's nest." Ripplekit licked a paw. Bumblekit and Cloudkit stared at Smokekit as he bounded to the elders' den.

Chapter 3

Bramblefur trotted forward, letting the wind run through his pelt. Thorntail and Flameheart were with him. The warriors were hunting.

Bramblefur had heard about the missing warriors in the clans. *Sedgestripe, Tigerstripe, Ravenwing, Sneezenose, Willowpaw, Echopaw, Longpaw, Featherstorm, Shystep and Crookedtooth*

He shuddered at the thought of his sister went missing. He was worried about her even though he had a cold welcome back when she returned from a journey in the mountains. He also heard her talking about a new so called 'FireClan'. Maybe thats were she went.
"Bramblefur!" Thorntail growled. Bramblefur stopped. "What, I'm hunting! If you don't think I am, maybe I will have to show you."
Bramblefur showed this teeth at his former mentor.
Thorntail's eyes were widened, then he narrowed them. "I could take you down in a second. You would be dead."

Bramblefur's pelt bristled. *I he thinks he can kill me, well he is wrong! He showed me all his moves.*

Flameheart shoved into the two cats. "Stop fighting!" she hissed. "I have seen fights like this, I'm old enough to know how they ended."

"How?" asked Bramblefur. Flameheart glared. "They both died."

Thorntail spun around and stalked away. Bramblefur did the same. *I can hunt all by myself! I can hunt better than that mangepelt Thorntail!*

Meanwhile in FireClan...

Crookedtooth went over to the fresh-kill pile. She picked up a small rabbit and padded over to a small patch of grass and settled down.
I lied about telling Bramblefur that he said no. But, he would cause too much trouble.
Jaggedrock licked Crookedtooth's ear. "Hello," he mewed.

Crookedtooth touched noses with Jaggedrock.
"Smokekit had been causing trouble lately." Crookedtooth meowed, eyeing the young tom that was pushing Cloudkit around.
"Crookedtooth," called Bearstar. Crookedtooth left her prey and padded toward the Sunstone and leapt on it and went into Bearstar's den.
"Yes,"
"Should we go to the Gathering tonight?" he asked.
"I guess its about a good time to go. We have settled in pretty nicely." replied Crookedtooth.
Bearstar nodded then trotted out of the den. "All those cats that are old enough to catch their own prey may join beneath the Sunstone for a clan meeting."
Flightwing bounded to the Sunstone and sat down. Everyone else stopped what they were doing and joined with Flightwing.
Bearstar took a deep breath. "We are going to the Gathering tonight." he announced.
"Crookedtooth already decided who was going."
Crookedtooth took a pace forward. In a loud voice she started to speak, "Stickfoot, Ravenwing, Echopaw, Tigerstripe, Featherstorm, Sneezenose, Cheetahspot and Willowpaw."
All the cats who were going were exchanging glances. "Are you sure?" asked Tigerstripe. Willowpaw nodded in agreement. "Do you think they will approve of us? What if all the clans attack and drive us out? We would be injured and way outnumbered."
"Its decided!" yowled Bearstar. "We are going."
***

Later that night.....

Crookedtooth was padding side by side with Bearstar. *Who knew it would all come to this? A new clan....* Crookedtooth sighed at they were reaching the Great Hill. She heard Ravenwing gulp down. Crookedtooth could barely see Icestar with the other leaders. Bearstar ran up to the Great Hill, and exploded into the clearing with everyone behind.
Rainstar, Ashstar, Bonestar and Icestar yowled, "Attack!"

Cats were leaping towards them. "Stop!" growled Bearstar yowled. Everyone stopped and looked at the young leader.

"I am Bearstar, leader of FireClan."
Rainstar spoke up. "How come we-" he stopped when he saw Featherstorm among them. "Featherstorm!" he called out, racing toward the she-cat.

Featherstorm thrust her muzzle into his face. "I am not your warrior," she growled. "I am loyal to FireClan. Bearstar is my leader, I left because I didn't feel accepted. No one accepted me. When I had the chance to get out of here, I took it. No one respected me."

Ravenwing saw Ashstar look at him. Sedgestripe and Tigerstripe were beside him. "Ashstar," they all began. "We left PineClan because we didn't fit in either."

Ashstar snarled. "Tigerstripe, you fit in well!"

Tigerstripe glared his green eyes. "I am not leaving my brother." he hissed, he fluffed out his long, tabby striped fur.
Bearstar saw everyone quarrel. "Stop!" he growled again. "This is a truce! This Gathering is over!"
Bearstar rounded up his cats as they ran away. Crookedtooth saw her brother. His eyes were wide with worry.
Crookedtooth saw Piperclaw crying because of her lost kits, and Thorntail was smiling and Riverdapple and Swiftstep were hissing at FireClan.
Crookedtooth sighed. *Will anyone actually accept us as a clan? Or will they drive us out like Willowpaw had said?*

Chapter 4

Crookedtooth laid in her nest. She took in a deep breath. *What if they attack us?*

Jaggedrock came in. "Are you ok?" he asked. Crookedtooth looked up at him. "This was a mistake, i'm a mistake. I was never meant to be born, I was taken here to never have life in RiverClan."
Jaggedrock let out a long, sigh. "I want to make you like yourself again." he began.
He continued, "When I was younger, my mother was from WindClan. I don't know who, but it was WindClan. I was born in a twolegplace. My father was a rouge. He took me in. He named me Jagged because of the jagged rocks that he lived next to. Then, after awhile a cat named Bear Claw wanted to recruit me for something important. I wanted to see what was beyond the jagged rocks I looked at everyday. I met, Flight, Stick, Cheetah, Spike and Wind. I made some good friends. Then I came across you, and everything changed."
Crookedtooth stood up, "Well, Jaggedrock I think I might be ready to go to the nursery. I'm heavy with kits already."
Jaggedrock nodded. "I'll speak with Bearstar so the apprentices will make a nest for you."
Jaggedrock leaped on the Sunstone and went in Bearstar's den.
Bearstar and Jaggedrock padded out. "Let all cats old enough to catch their own prey may come beneath the Sunstone for a clan meeting."
Crookedtooth felt heavy. She dragged herself near the Sunstone.
"All of you might know that Crookedtooth is having kits soon. I want Willowpaw and Longpaw to make her a nest for her and the future kits."
Ripplekit bounced up, "And me!" she mewed.
Bearstar gave a nod of approval. "Ok, you can help too Ripplekit."
Longpaw and Willowpaw neared Ripplekit. "Ripplekit stay in camp and pick a spot in the nursery for Crookedtooth and the kits. Me and Longpaw will get everything for the nest. You can help put it together. Everyone got it?"

Longpaw and Ripplekit nodded. "Good, lets get to work!"
Longpaw and Willowpaw dashed out of camp. Ripplekit trotted into the nursery. She saw a small empty spot at the corner of the den. Shystep, Bumblekit, Smokekit and Cloudkit were taking a nap. Ripplekit slowly unsheathed a claw and dragged it into the ground, marking where the nest would be.
A few moments later Longpaw and Willowpaw returned with lots of different things in their mouth.
Longpaw dropped his. "Where is the nest going to be?" he asked.
Ripplekit pointed her nose to the markings in the floor.
The three cats quickly got to work, weaving tall grasses and other things into the nest.

Jaggedrock helped Crookedtooth up. "They are done with the nest. I'll help you into it."
Jaggedrock led Crookedtooth into the nursery and the she-cat heaved herself into it.
"Do you feel fine? Is it comfy? I could grab some moss."
Crookedtooth giggled. "Its fine. Stop worrying. Me and the kits will be ok."
Jaggedrock left the den. Sneezenose ran into him. "I'm sorry," Jaggedrock meowed.
Sneezenose dipped his head. "No, I wasn't watching where I was going. I apologize."
Jaggedrock trotted past Sneezenose as he watched him go in the nursery. *Must be checking on the kits. I will probably be doing that soon!*
Jaggedrock chuckled and saw Stickfoot.
Stickfoot walked over to him. "Could you lead the dawn patrol? Featherstorm, Windpelt, Echopaw and Darksky is going to be on it."
"I'd be delighted." he replied. "Great! Remember, dawn patrol!" he reminded him.
I know its dawn patrol, i'm not a rabbit-brain. Jaggedrock felt wind run through his pelt. Clouds covered the clear sky of night. Stars glittered from above.
StarClan please have Crookedtooth and the kits be okay....
Jaggedrock retreated into his nest and curled up. His eyes closed slowly and darkness swallowed him.

Chapter 5

Jaggedrock just woke up. It was nearly dawn. *The patrol!* He dashed into the apprentice den and nudged Echopaw with his paw. "Dawn patrol," he whispered. Echopaw shot up. "I'm up!"
Jaggedrock trotted into the clearing where Featherstorm, Darksky and Windpelt waited. "Are you ready?" asked Windpelt. "I'm freezing!"
Jaggedrock nodded. "Lets go."
The five cats set out. They went to the edge of the territory. This was the border to PineClan. "Mark it." he ordered.
Featherstorm and Windpelt took a step forward, spraying the moorland. "That should do it." Windpelt meowed.
"Lets go to LakeClan next." Jaggedrock decided. He heard something move on PineClan territory.
Jaggedrock saw Echopaw spin around, inspecting a bush near her. A blur of fur shot out and pinned Echopaw. It was Swiftwhisker the deputy of PineClan. "Attack!" he yowled.
Cats jumped from pine trees and started to attack the patrol. There were so many cats like all of them except queens kits and elders.
A tom sprung out of a bush and slashed at Jaggedrock. The tom looked familiar.
"Shrewleap!" growled Jaggedrock. He kicked him off. Shrewleap came close to Jaggedrock. "We will drive you out. We will take Crookedtooth in and make everyone else live as rouges."
Jaggedrock glared at Shrewleap. "Never!" He lunged at the tom and dug his claws into his belly fur.
Shrewleap howled in pain. Swiftwhisker pulled Jaggedrock off of him and scratched at him.
Echopaw was fighting off another cat while Featherstorm was biting into another's shoulder.
Featherstorm made the she-cat dart into the bushes. "Echopaw! Go to camp all call in for reinforcements!"

Echopaw raced away from the battle and reached camp. "Bearstar! There is a battle happening! Get reinforcements!"
Bearstar nodded. "Longpaw, Stickfoot, Sneezenose, Cheetahspot and

Spikeclaw help out. Everyone else, take the elders and kits into my den. I will go into battle with the patrol."
Bearstar and the patrol ran out of camp.
"Hurry Cheetahspot! Our clanmates are probably dying!"
Cheetahspot sped up. They reached the area where cats were fighting. Bearstar ordered a few cats to help out with the dawn patrol.
Longpaw clashed into a another apprentice. He slashed at his hind legs. Spikeclaw was spraying blood across the springy moorland grass. "Longpaw!" called Windpelt. The apprentice went to the thin tom's side. "Go and ask for help in SunClan. Rainstar will probably say yes because Featherstorm is in danger. Go!!!" growled Windpelt.

Longpaw dashed to SunClan border. He crossed it and was trying to find their camp. He sniffed the air and ran into a tree. Longpaw touched a paw to his nose. His paw had some blood on it. "Mouse dung! That hurts!" He hissed.
Suddenly, a cat came out from the shadows. "Who are you!" he demanded
"I'm Longpaw from FireClan. My clan needs your help. PineClan is attacking. Please!" pleaded Longpaw.
Longpaw then recognized the tom. It was Lightingfur. Lightingfur seemed unconvinced.
"Please! M-my clan will die if you don't help us. Featherstorm is fighting, but she will get tired!"
Another tom walked behind of Lightingfur. It was Mouseclaw.
"Rainstar loved Featherstorm." he mewed.
Mouseclaw nodded. "We'll take you. Follow us."
The two toms trotted across their territory with Longpaw close behind.

They reached their camp. "Rainstar! Featherstorm is in danger!" they yowled.
A kit tumbled from the nursery. His blue eyes were fixed on Longpaw. A she-cat peeked out. "Stonekit!" she said. The tom looked behind him.
"Get back here!" Stonekit glanced at Longpaw once more before going back into the nursery with his mother.
A large patrol of cats were in front of Longpaw. "We are ready!" Rainstar meowed.

The huge patrol were already racing out of camp. "For Featherstorm!" they all yowled.
Longpaw clumsily ran after them. *For FireClan!*

Chapter 6

Echopaw saw a large patrol of SunClan warriors coming. *Oh great! SunClan is helping PineClan! Thats great we are doomed...*
The warriors were lunging at PineClan. *They are helping us!*
Echopaw felt like LionClan. She clashed against a huge PineClan warrior. She scratched at his cheek then bit into his hind leg.
The tom grabbed the apprentice and hauled her to a tree.

Echopaw felt blood drip out of her mouth. She extended her claws and pounced onto the tom's back tearing into his flesh. The tom yowled in pain, and fell to the ground. Echopaw finished him off by ripping his left ear. He retreated into the bushes. Swiftwhisker saw that they were losing the battle. "Retreat!"" he said.
All the cats were fleeing back onto their territory.
"We won!" Bearstar meowed. Rainstar came close Bearstar. "We did this for Featherstorm, not for your clan. We did this for Featherstorm."

"For Featherstorm!" Rainstar's warriors repeated. "Don't expect us to help you again." Rainstar whipped around and left the clan with his warriors right behind him.

"Lets get treated to our wounds." Stickfoot mewed. He signaled to FireClan to return to camp.

Bearstar padded over to Ravenwing's den. "The battle is over, we won!"

Ravenwing called to Bearstar's den. "Its okay! We won!"

Cats were coming out from the leader's den, Ripplekit was bouncing out. "Did you see how I clawed at that cat's nose! I sent him back to his camp!"

Smokekit was covered in blood, it was all in his fur. "Smokekit!" Ravenwing said.
"Are you okay? You seem hurt."

Smokekit shook his head. "It was all PineClan blood! I made that she-cat cry. She ran away, in a hurry! I'm gonna be the best warrior ever!"

Shystep came over to Smokekit. "He is becoming a warrior already."

Smokekit proudly stood up.
"Go wash yourself." ordered Sneezenose. He took the kit over to a water pool close to camp entrance. "Here," he put the kit in the water, pushing his paws in Smokekit's fur.

"He is too worried," Shystep meowed.

Crookedtooth had Shystep by her side. "I feel more heavy than usual." Crookedtooth said, falling.

Shystep helped the she-cat up and took her to the nursery.

Bearstar was just about to announce that the battle was over, and SunClan had helped them. Stickfoot whispered into his ear. He nodded and began to speak.
"We have some apprentices ready to become warriors." He mewed.

Willowpaw, Longpaw and Echopaw's eyes shined. "Echopaw and Longpaw will you uphold the warrior code and defend this clan at the cost of your life?" asked Bearstar.

Willowpaw felt astonished that her brother and sister were becoming warriors without her.

"I do," Longpaw said with a confident tone.

"I do," meowed Echopaw, her voice filled with excitement.

"Then by the power of StarClan, Longpaw from this day forward you will known as Longclaw. We honor your honesty and your skill to fight. And Echopaw you will be known as Echoheart. We honor how you love to help around the clan. Longclaw and Echoheart you are now full warriors of FireClan."

"Echoheart! Longclaw!" The clan cheered.
Willowpaw felt like crumbling to crowfood. "How can this be?"

Stickfoot came to the apprentice. "You still have a lot to learn, you don't pay attention to me. And I heard that you didn't help fight off the warriors. The kits took care of them. They could have been hurt, luckily they weren't."

Willowpaw saw Longclaw come near her. "You should of been with us." he said.
Echoheart licked her sister's ear. "Its okay, maybe in a moon you will become warrior."
Stickfoot shook his head. "She needs six more moons. Maybe when Bumblekit, Smokekit, Cloudkit and Ripplekit had been apprentices for two moons? Thats about right."

Willowpaw sighed and padded away.

Featherstorm was in the medicine den, getting treated to her wounds. Ravenwing wrapped some cobwebs around her hind leg, and put some dock leaves on her shoulder.
Featherstorm winced, and was standing up.
"Thanks Ravenwing." she meowed. Ravenwing just nodded.
Featherstorm walked out of the den. She saw Willowpaw speaking to Echoheart.

Echoheart shook her head then whispered something that Featherstorm couldn't catch. Longclaw came over and beckoned Echoheart to do their vigil.
Echoheart took a glance at Willowpaw before leaving to camp entrance.

Willowpaw looked confident as she bounded away. Featherstorm thought that the apprentice would be up to something.
Featherstorm shrugged and bounded into the warriors' den.

"Do you think Willowpaw is ok?" asked Featherstorm.
Stickfoot was grooming himself in his nest. "She'll be fine. I've seen young cats like her, they seem like good cats in the future."

Featherstorm sighed. "But you're being too hard on her," protested Featherstorm.

Stickfoot shook his head. "They need just a little pushing, thats all."

Featherstorm didn't seem convinced. But she didn't say anything.

Featherstorm curled up in her nest and closed her eyes, and went to sleep.

Chapter 7

Willowpaw quietly padded out of camp, going out a different way She knew Echoheart and Longclaw would have spotted her, so she went through the slope at the further corner by the medicine den. She climbed it and trotted on. *Stickfoot will make me warrior when I get rid of the dog.*
Willowpaw trekked on to the small Twolegplace by ShadeClan.
She saw the wild dog's den at a small patch of grass. It was sleeping.
Willowpaw would kill it before it wakes up.
She crept toward the sleeping dog. She came so close, when it got up. It rose up slowly, and when it saw Willowpaw it growled with fury.
It chased Willowpaw through the moor. It ran faster than Willowpaw and it dug it's teeth into her tail.
Willowpaw was dragged by the dog, and pulled back.
It sank it's teeth into Willowpaw's throat, as the she-cat flailed her body trying to free herself.

The dog's legs scrambled as it tried to dig in deeper. A faint shadow was watching Willowpaw.
It was a golden cat, he chuckled. Willowpaw had a glance at him before going limp, and nonmoving.

The cat skidded to a halt next to the dog. "Good work," he mewed.
The dog snarled and ran away.
The cat darted into the Twolegplace leaving Willowpaw's body on the moor.

A/N

So sorry for the short chapter! Just wanted to stop it there! Is Willowpaw dead or alive?

Chapter 8

"Where is Willowpaw?" asked Stickfoot.
Echoheart sighed, "Willowpaw went to get rid of the dog by the Twolegplace."

Stickfoot widened his eyes. "No! That is way to dangerous! I want, Longclaw and Flightwing to come with me."

The two warriors followed Stickfoot by the Twolegplace.

"No!" Stickfoot yowled, coming close to Willowpaw's dead body.

Her throat was open, with dried blood mixed into her fur, along with some that was on her throat.
Her blue eyes were blank, and you could clearly see she wasn't alive.

"I have to take down my role as deputy, I don't deserve it."

Longclaw was taking a step toward his sister, licking her ears.
"You were so special," he whispered.

Flightwing dipped her head. "We should bury her." she meowed.

"You're right," replied Stickfoot.

The three cats started to dig a grave for Willowpaw.

They finished and pushed her body in, and covered it with earth.

"Wait," mewed Stickfoot.

Longclaw looked at him. "What?"

"She gets a warrior ceremony. I call upon my warrior ancestors to look down upon this apprentice, Willowpaw you will be known as Willowtooth. StarClan will honor your curiosity, and your bravery. StarClan welcomes you as a full warrior."

"Willowtooth, Willowtooth." repeated Longclaw and Flightwing in chorus.

"I named her after Crookedtooth, the cat who looked like Willowtooth."

Longclaw put his paw on the grave. "You will remembered like no other." he said softly.

"Lets get back to camp." Stickfoot decided.

Longclaw and Flightwing agreed leaving Willowtooth to find her way to StarClan.

"Did you find Willowpaw?" asked Bearstar.

Stickfoot shook his head. "Shes dead. I will take down my role as deputy and Spikeclaw will be in my place."

"Very well," Bearstar said.

Echoheart was sniffling back tears. "Its all my fault!" she blurted.

"I let her go! Its me who told her to go by the slope so Longclaw didn't see her!"

Echoheart dipped her head in shame. "Its not your fault," meowed Stickfoot.

"Its mine, I was the one who-"

A sudden cry of pain came from the nursery. Sedgestripe came out. "Crookedtooth's kits!" she said.

Ravenwing dashed across the camp making his way into the nursery.

Jaggedrock seemed worried as his paws twitched impatiently.

After a few minutes Ravenwing broke from the crowd. "Five healthy kits!" he said.

Jaggedrock rushed in, and saw five bodies near Crookedtooth.

"Want to discuss names?" asked Crookedtooth.

Jaggedrock was speechless, so he nodded.

"We need some privacy." mewed Crookedtooth.

Sedgestripe dipped her head and trotted out of the den.

"So, what names have you thought of?" asked Jaggedrock.

Crookedtooth put her nose on a white she-kit"Milkkit, her white pelt reminds me of my mothers' milk."

Jaggedrock nodded. "I agree. I kinda feel homesick."

Crookedtooth licked a large black tom. "This is Nightkit. He is like nighttime."

Jaggedrock spotted a ginger tabby tom. "Can this be Blazekit? His pelt is like blazing flames."

Crookedtooth agreed. "Blazekit is a nice name."

Jaggedrock looked at a white she-cat with a silver dapple.
"Silverkit." he decided.

Birds chattered overhead. And Crookedtooth saw the last kit. It was a small light gray tabby she-kit.
"Loudkit. I name her from the loud birds that are singing outside."

Jaggedrock glanced at the entrance of the nursery. A blackbird was singing loudly.

"Have some rest my love," he said before padding out of the den.

Crookedtooth licked Milkkit. The white she-kit let out a small wail. Crookedtooth wrapped her tail around her kits then went to sleep.